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TheIntelligencer.

WHEELING, MAY 30, 1896.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.

State Nominating Convention—Parkersburg, July 22.
Fourth District Congressional Convention—Parkersburg, July 22.

Notice to Republican Clubs of W. Va.

It is important that you send the name of your club, together with the number of members and names of officers, to the secretary of the State League, at Wheeling, immediately.

By order of C. D. ELLIOTT,
JOHN W. KINDLEBERGER, Secretary.

(Republican papers please copy and notice.)

W. Va. Republican National Delegation.

Delegates-at-Large.
O. W. O. HARMAN,
Middlebourne, Tyler County.

F. M. REYNOLDS,
Keyser, Mineral County.

J. E. DANA,
Charleston, Kanawha County.

A. B. PARKER,
Parkersburg, Wood County.

Alternates-at-Large.
I. H. DUVAL,
Wellburg, Brooke County.

F. M. THOMAS,
Terra Alta, Preston County.

JOHN L. HURST,
Buckhannon, Upshur County.

GEORGE POPFENBERGER,
Point Pleasant, Mason County.

First District Delegates.
HENRY SCHULMACH,
Wheeling, Ohio County.

D. W. BOUGNER,
Clarksburg, Harrison County.

Alternates.
W. P. CRUMP,
Weston, Lewis County.

J. W. STUMP,
West Union, Doddridge County.

Second District Delegates.
W. N. LINCH,
Martinsburg, Berkeley County.

THOMAS B. GOULD,
Parsons, Tucker County.

Alternates.
E. A. BILLINGSLEY,
Fairmont, Marion County.

W. H. WENTZ,
Phillips, Barbour County.

Third District Delegates.
THOMAS E. HOUSTON,
Elk Horn, McDowell County.

J. B. CRAWFORD,
Sewell, Fayette County.

Alternates.
PETER SILLMAN,
Charleston, Kanawha County.

WALTER BALLARD,
Union, Monroe County.

Fourth District Delegates.
THOMAS SIKES,
Huntington, Cabell County.

C. F. RATHBONE,
Elizabeth, Wirt County.

Alternates.
EDWARD MCREARY,
Parkersburg, Wood County.

E. J. THOMAS,
Cottagesville, Jackson County.

River and Harbor Bill Vetoed.

The veto of the river and harbor bill was expected. Somehow it happened that somebody knew what the President was going to do. It was in this matter as it was in the issue of the syndicate bond paper—the operations of the executive mind were revealed. The President seems to have made up his mind before the bill was completed. This would indicate that he expected to gain something by the clapping of the veto on the side of cheese-paring economy.

The President gives as his reasons for the veto that the sum total is extravagant in these times of scant revenue, when it is necessary to sell bonds to keep things moving. It is probable that Congress is as good a judge of the needs of the country in this respect as the President is. Congress, through an unusual cap and painstaking committee, has looked carefully into the matter. In some cases visiting the scenes of the proposed work and taking counsel of the army engineers in charge. The President sat in his office waiting to hit the bill with a veto, no matter what it might contain.

It is cheap fustian to say of the bill in the lump that it is unnecessary and extravagant. It would be more of a burden on the President's mind to point out in detail the alleged extravagance. For example, there are items in that bill in which West Virginia is deeply concerned. Everybody who knows anything about these proposed and long delayed improvements knows that the public interest demands that they shall be made and made as quickly as possible.

Enormous interests wait upon the improvement of the Monongahela and Ohio. Men of the President's party as well as those of the opposing party have urged on Congress the prosecution of these works and rejoiced when Congress agreed to it.

Unless the bill can command a two-thirds vote to pass it over the veto nothing can be done until the country shall have a President who will not place his whim so high above the judgment of Congress. The one hope of the present is that the measure will prove strong enough with Congress to make it a law in spite of the veto. The indications are that it has that strength.

Whoever wants to be well posted on this money question will do well to provide himself with the publications of the Sound Currency Committee, No. 52 Williams street, New York. They cover the whole field and may be relied on. The committee's "Red Book" is a perfect mine of information. With that to draw on one who knows how to use

good fighting material is invincible. These publications are cheap and as entertaining as they are instructive.

A Shrinkage Industry.

Under proper conditions sheep husbandry should be a lustrous and ever growing industry in this country. Experience teaches that an essential condition is a tariff that will protect the American sheep husbandman from foreign assault. The industry in this country has been up or down as the duty on wool has been comparatively high or low.

It entered into the hearts of the Democratic lawgivers to put wool on the free list, so that all the wool of the world may come into this country on even terms with the domestic product. The wool grower began to feel the effects of the Democratic tariff before it became a law. It was a case of a coming event casting its shadow before.

Everybody knew that if the Democratic Congress did nothing else it would put wool on the free list. Wool was doomed on the day of the Democratic victory in November, 1892. From the time of Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, March, 1893, to March, 1895, the price of XX Ohio wool—the standard wool of this vicinity—was cut in half. Flockmasters hurried their sheep to the shambles.

It took the Democratic policy just two years to reduce the wool clip of the United States 100,000 pounds, or more than a fourth as compared with the annual clip when Mr. Cleveland went into office taking a Democratic Congress with him. We had not so many sheep as before, and of course there was less wool.

The falling off continued during last year, the third of the series, the returns for which are not at hand. Our imports of wool show how the difference is made up. The American wool grower has lost. The foreign wool grower has gained. In another column are some letters from Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan and Iowa to the American Wool and Cotton Reporter. They tell a sad story of the discouragement and decline of a great industry. In these letters there is no word from West Virginia, but what is true in Ohio is true in West Virginia. This loss cannot be repaired in a day, but it will be repaired. Under a return to the policy of protection, now assured, the flocks will increase and the wool clip with them. To accomplish this it is necessary to show our farmers a profit in sheep husbandry. When they see protection to the industry they will begin to build up what the Democratic party has torn down.

Free trade has wrought ruin. Protection will bring back prosperity. The shrinkage in the wool clip will stop. The volume of this great product will again increase and the increase will supply the farm with the ready money which the Democratic tariff policy has taken away from it. The present is dark enough, but the future is bright.

Mr. Clarkson wants each delegate to the St. Louis convention to send him a neat little biography of himself. Who is Mr. Clarkson, any how?

Memorial Day Thoughts.

Memorial day reminds us that while thousands upon thousands of the men who fought for the Union sleep the last sleep there are other thousands who are still with us. If we honor the memory of the dead we should have becoming respect for the living.

At least the men who march in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic might be allowed to pass along without being regarded as the common people do not sneer at them. That is left to the too-good and too-intelligent and too-refined who preside over colleges and eat white bread and study humanity in the books and patriotism in the British reviews.

The great heart of this country is all right. It has its throbs of pity for the brave men who went down in battle or succumbed in the swamps, and it turns in brotherly love and kindness to the men who outlived all that and are still in the flesh.

This great heart is American, and will never turn to stone against the men who offered all on their country's altar. Its gratitude is not all buried in the grave.

Now let Congress veto the veto. The people want their rivers and harbors improved so that this generation may profit by the improvement.

Platt's Work.

As soon as the Republican convention shall have nominated Major McKinley the Democratic newspapers will begin to bombard him with the mean and untruthful things Mr. Platt has been saying about him. They will declare, as Mr. Platt is unafraid and unsound. They may even quote Mr. Platt as saying that the nominee is string-halt and spavined. This may tickle Mr. Platt. If he amounted to anything it might hurt Major McKinley. As a national quantity he is no longer cut any figure. At home he is not the dictator he used to be. While he has been flinging at McKinley he has been digging his own grave—about the most conspicuous service he has ever rendered his party. The fact remains, however, that he has sought to furnish the enemy with ammunition to fire at his party's nominee. It is not his fault that he had nothing but blank cartridges to hand over.

Judging by the silver sentiment in the ranks of the West Virginia Democracy, the administration has no influence in this state. Why hasn't our Cousin Joe Miller taken time to make some able sound money speeches on his native beach? And where has the scholarly Prof. Wilson been fishing in these springtime days?

A Pittsburgh newspaper says that the presidential nominee of the Prohibition party was born in 1845. This may be why he prides himself on belonging to the party of the future.

As soon as Congress heard of the St. Louis calamity it ordered army tents sent to shelter the homeless. It is a great thing to have a great big Uncle Sam.

Well, Mr. President, if the revenues be short whose fault is that? Ask Prof. Wilson.

Altsied might gain the silver Prohibitionists and try his luck in that camp.

Now there are two Prohibition parties. Only the new one has another name. Carrying out the original idea of their

organization the men who resisted the effort to take the party into the field of general national politics were right. They started out to stick to one idea, the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and if there be any hope for their party it is on that line.

The amount of money appropriated by the river and harbor bill is not staggering for a great country. It is a large amount, but this is large country, and the appropriations are not all to be available in one year. For the most part they are made under the continuing contract system, a business-like arrangement which has the approval of the government engineers on the score of economy and the highest efficiency. Congress understands this though the President may not. Congress has examined the question. Probably the President has not.

The Register does not take kindly to the reduction of the city tax rate. If council had known how severe a case of blind staggers its action would produce in our esteemed neighbor it might have done something quite different. The people are well pleased, and that is something on the other side.

From latest estimates it does not appear that the first reports placed high enough the money loss by the St. Louis disaster. The loss, it seems, equals at least twice the assessed value of all the property in Wheeling. In other words, two Wheelings were wiped out in half an hour.

THE MONTICOLA

Of the West Virginia University, or the College Annual—A Remarkably Clever Work.

There lies before the writer a volume entitled "The Monticola" of the West Virginia University, or the year book. It is the first production of its character issued by the students of that institution, and in no sense is it a strain on the elasticity of one's consciousness to pronounce it a most wonderfully complete and interesting work. For the initial effort in this line it not only compares favorably with similar publications of time-stained universities, but in its arrangement, division of subjects, subject matter and illustrations it challenges comparison with any.

Owing to the character and scope of the work much of mind and matter "The Monticola" contains is of interest only to the students who are now enrolled at the university. This fact springs from veiled allusions and faintly disguised titles, which, while retaining the Greek and Latin in the titles of the college Transvaal, are easily construed and translated by the effect. In this it is especially free from the brutality and even inhumanity that have so often marked the wit in many college annuals. In "The Monticola" every Partisan shaft is tipped with Attic wit and harmless humor. For this the editors deserve more than the passing tribute of a critic's praise.

But there is another class to whom its pages will appeal with equal interest—the old students who long ago left the spires on the banks of the Monongahela behind them and sought the broad plains of active life. This work will appeal to them not only from a selfish but sentimental point of view, and he who is not moved with tender feelings and "the lingering echoes in the caverns of memory" is, indeed, fit for "treason, stratagem and spooks." It is a very suggestive work for an old student to pour over and renew his youth. Personal names are almost forgotten, scenes that have nearly faded through the struggle and strife in the world once thought so fair, but which has been so bitter and hollow. Some of the names discovered on the pages of "The Monticola" rise up like tombstones in a neglected graveyard. From cover to cover, preface to finale it suggests those mellow lines in Gray's ode to Eton college:

Ah, happy hills! Ah, pleasing shade!
A fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from yon blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As wafting fresh their gladness wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth
To breathe a sweet spring.

The annual contains 205 pages, and its descriptive part comprises everything of interest about the history of the university from its predecessor, the old Monongahela Academy, under the late Rev. Dr. J. R. Moore, up to the present day. The editors were most happy in its dedication in bestowing this distinction on Dr. I. C. White, an alumnus and until lately a distinguished member of the faculty of the university. The higher rights could have been paid to Dr. White than the simple words of the dedication:

"To Dr. I. C. White, the friend and patron of the West Virginia University, in recognition of his services as a citizen, and his worth as a man, this volume is respectfully dedicated."

An elegant portrait of Dr. White occupies the first page of "The Monticola." The work is profusely illustrated with pictures of the university buildings and grounds, the old Woodburn seminary, Monongahela Academy and portraits of the presidents, regents, members of the faculty, and others all being of a high order of artistic merit. In the early history of the university the omission of any reference to the burning of Woodburn seminary, which was used as a boarding hall for students under the ministrations of that kind and generous man Kinsey Life, is a matter of regret. The old building was rich in associations and memories, and some account of its use and fate would have rounded out a harmonious whole.

With this exception the historical matter has been carefully prepared. In looking over the roster of those who have been members of the faculty from 1867-8 to the present time death has taken nearly all the earlier professors to a higher instruction. Notable among those who can remember no President is Alexander Martin, J. H. McMechen, Capt. H. H. Pierce, Rev. J. W. Scott, Rev. J. B. Solomon, S. C. Stevens and Dr. H. W. Brock. A glance at the list of graduates also reveals the fact that the bar, medicine and law and other professions have drawn heavily on their ranks, while among the living many have risen to distinction in all the walks of life. What will interest the student most is the history of the classes, and the bands, madrigals and glee clubs, and the base ball and football associations, which have been prepared with care.

The history of the "prep" is a well written paper, and contains some striking truths about that much abused adjunct of the university. "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth," says the historian, "and in all that time he made the prep." The seventh day he rested. Then he made the Prep. Nobody has rested since. This is rather hard on the prep, but he has stood many worse things and still lives. He is a distraction and a subject of good natured ridicule.

The literary features of "The Monticola" are very attractive and many of the pages devoted to this department contain some rare gems. The humor and constructively appreciated only by those who are throwing stones at the frog. One or two bits might be quoted here that would be relished. They are taken from the "calendar." The first refers to the football game in this city between the West Virginia and Washington-Jefferson college teams: "November 23. Mud and the referee lose us the game at Wheeling to W. & J. Score 4-0."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

November 24. Boys return from Wheeling. Game played over in front of Wallace House. W. & J. not in it. The other report of the revolt of the students in refusing to attend chapel exercises and the meeting of the regents which was called to consider the matter: April 10. C. B. Hart, advance agent of John A. Robinson's consolidated shows, reaches town and announces exhibition for next day, April 11. Exhibition poor. Great juggling feat with chapel rules the only specialty.

These are only the salient features of "The Monticola" which have been rather hurriedly considered. Every page of the work contains something to please, amuse or entertain, and certainly no student can afford to be without a copy. The graduates and those who have attended the university only for a season will find in it many things to interest them and much to treasure. The board of editors of "The Monticola" are: Luther C. Anderson, A. B., editor-in-chief; W. Bernard Cutright, business manager; associate editors, George M. Ford, A. B., Justin M. Kunkin, Edgar Stewart, Mabel Reynolds, Winifred South, John G. Knutt, Lloyd L. Friend, Howard L. Swisher, Paul McCoy, A. A. Rogers, photographer. They had a difficult task before them, and they may be assured that they have performed it well. What greater reward can they ask than in the simple commendation, Well done. J. E. D.

Hogus Bohemians.

New York World: It is a queer little restaurant on the west side of the city, below Fourteenth street, but it has achieved fame, for it has been "written up" in the weekly newspapers as a bohemian resort. Every now and then a story is printed about the place, and it is told in great detail all about the merry artists and newspaper men and humorists and actors and lawyers and judges and men-about-town and bon vivants who frequent it and make it a place worth the visiting.

The dinner doesn't count for much. It is only an ordinary fifty-cent table d'hôte with "red ink." No one except Italians would think of going there if it were not for the "bohemians" who make the place ring with jolly and song and their wit and humor. No; that is a mistake. They "made" it, but that was some time ago—before the place was written up. Now, the "bohemians" go elsewhere to dine. They go where the ordinary, everyday plain persons who do not write or paint or act do not intrude.

But the plain folk know it not. Every Saturday they go to the little restaurant and their girls with them "to see the bohemians." Every table is filled with the ordinary, plain herd nowadays, and they point one to the other and say to their best girls:

"See, that is one of those bohemians at the other table. That is one of those merry wags of whom we have read." But they won't get out of what they speak. For the plain citizen points out another plain citizen and another table as a rooming place of a bohemian, and that plain citizen mistakes the first for an artist of renown, and each one tells his best girl that the girl with yet a third plain citizen is "one of those dashing woman reporters."

And each and every Saturday the various everyday persons go to the little restaurant and get foolish with too much red ink, and point out each other as bohemians, and are happy and devilish and wicked.

And it is well, for the proprietor of the place is a worthy person and the ordinary citizen's money is safe.

BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Toronto Globe.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

God's blessing on ye'er cannie pen,
"MacLaren," ye'er a prince o' men—
Wi' Burnbrae, ye'er be "far been"
To write like ye;
A bonnier book a' dinna ken
God bless ye, John.

A've read it six times o'er, a' sweet,
An' ill a time a' lo'd it mair,
Tho' while it made my mither sair
An' whiles a' loucht up a' fair
Row'd aff me seat!

A' day, an' in m' dreams at night,
A'm wanderin' wi' renewed delight
An' featin' on m' mither's aicht
An' a' day's m' mither's aicht
Conversin' aye wi' a' thae bright
Drumtochtie men.

A'm fair in love wi' Marzeth Howe,
An' truly feel pur Drumsough,
An' aye a' thae m' mither's Knows
An' a' day's m' mither's Knows
For aye the Bonnie Brier-Bush grew,
An' a' day's m' mither's Knows.

Puir Dorniel! he's a real tea ma
As any leavin' man can be,
Whuppin' on ye'er mither in glee
Whuppin' on ye'er mither in glee
To tell o' George's victory
Ye'er glorious day!

An' Burnbrae, elder o' the kirk,
An' Hullooke, type o' honest work,
An' Soutar, w' sang o' the kirk,
An' a' day's m' mither's Knows
Wha'd maybe bairn o' a stirk
But aye we're true.

An' Donald Menzies, "mystic" chiel
A' Celt was he, frae bairn to chiel,
Wha' warred a' day's m' mither's Knows
For many a day,
Wi' him a' canna help but feel
An' a' day's m' mither's Knows.

An' Lethian Campbell, wha' was ca'd
"Conscious," wha' regarded God
A' sovereign ruler wi' a' day's m' mither's Knows
An' a' day's m' mither's Knows
An' wha' the very season awed
Wi' a' day's m' mither's Knows.

Him sufferin' sair m' mither's sweet an' mild
An' shakin' out the Glimpses wild,
"Till I'm a' day's m' mither's Knows
He comes to be,
An' o'er the ermine and defiled
Dends tenderly.

Wi' these and mair, in golly fear,
We sit on Sabbath day an' hear
"Till mither's m' mither's Knows
Young preacher lad,
Wi' them a' day's m' mither's Knows
That's m' mither's Knows.

An' wi' them on another day,
When kirk is oot o' m' mither's Knows
We join the m' mither's Knows
An' cheer Maclaren,
Oor doctor, wha' wi' little pay,
Serves rich an' poor.

Aye, dear Maclaren! him m' mither's Knows
We're a' day's m' mither's Knows
Unmindfu' o' the north wind raw,
We tearfu' come,
Wi' a' the m' mither's Knows
Near-nann his tomb.

An' bairn! there o'er he's, we pray
That we may a' day's m' mither's Knows
That which we're m' mither's Knows
Frae a' day's m' mither's Knows
Truth may the tribute to be pay
O' love-wrung tear.

Ay, "m' mither," ye'er a' day's m' mither's Knows
An' "m' mither," ye'er a' day's m' mither's Knows
Ye'er lookin' by its a' day's m' mither's Knows
Will live for aye,
The benediction o' oor hearts
Ye have the day!

AT MOZART PARK.

Plente at Mozart Park Decoration Day,
Music by Mayor's Orchestra.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

SHOES—ALEXANDER.

SATISFACTION.

We've got the most satisfactory shoe store in this town. We know it and so do our customers. We don't sell the cheapest shoes. We don't handle anything that would be likely to turn out bad. Most women wear low shoes nowadays. It's only a question of time till all women will discard high shoes in summer like they do furs and heavy wraps. Low shoes are here in any shape or color you like.

Alexander's, Main Street.

FOUNDRY WORK—B. FISHER.

Star Foundry

MANUFACTURER OF

All Classes and Description

FOUNDRY WORK

We make a specialty of

HIGH-GRADE

CASTINGS!

Experienced Pattern Makers Employed.

B. FISHER.

WHEELING, W. VA.

BICYCLES.

CYCLISTS' HEADQUARTERS.

A Full Line of High and Medium Grade BICYCLES.

Spalding, Whitman, Morado, Hummer, Credenda, Patriot, American, Pyramid, Nile, Cyclo, Fairy, Rival and Princess

In stock at all times. Our line of Cyclists' Sundries and Supplies is the most complete in the city, embracing everything required by wheelmen. We have added a repair department and are prepared to give the best attention to all wheels left with us for repair.

Wm. Schwertfeger,

1146 MAIN STREET.

SHOES—L. V. BLOND.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROPOSALS FOR PAVING STREETS.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Board of Public Works of the city of Wheeling until 12 o'clock noon, Monday, June 2, 1896, for paving certain streets with vitrified brick.

Specifications can be seen at the office of the board. Each bidder will be required to deposit a certified check for three hundred dollars (\$300) with his bid as a guarantee to do the work if awarded him. The successful bidder will be required to give bond in the sum of three thousand (\$3,000) dollars, conditioned for the faithful performance of the contract, said bond to be approved by the Board of Public Works. Bids must be in printed forms furnished by the clerk of the board. Proposals to be marked "Proposals for Paving Streets."

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

W. H. HORNISH, Clerk.

PROPOSALS FOR DIGGING TRENCHES AND LAYING SEWER PIPE.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Board of Public Works of the city of Wheeling until 12 o'clock noon, Monday, June 2, 1896, for digging trenches and laying sewer pipe in certain streets and alleys.

Specifications can be seen at the office of the board. Bids must be in printed forms furnished by the clerk of the board. Proposals to be marked "Proposals for Digging Trenches and Laying Sewer Pipe."

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

W. H. HORNISH, Clerk.

LIST OF LETTER